

## HAMPTON, PHOEBUS AND OLD POINT—Continued.

## BOOSTED THE MARKET

Professional Speculators Asserted  
Themselves in New York.

## STEADY RISE IS NOW LOOKED FOR

Railroad Owners Want Prices to go  
up so They Can Carry Out Plans  
That Must be Consummated—The  
Closing Quotations.

(By Associated Press)

NEW YORK, March 11—The aggressive speculative leadership which took hold of the stock market late last week asserted itself again today and prices were lifted substantially. The obvious centralization of the operations fostered the conviction that important financial interests were embarked in a concealed movement for extending the rise, with the probable approval of banking interests looking to the furtherance of coming plans for necessary financing which confront them.

The upturn in the market was notable for a revival of rumors. The most potent of these in its effect on the market was a revival of the report set afloat last week that conferences were in progress to secure assurances of permission being granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission to the railroads to adopt a moderate advance in freight rates in return for agreements to maintain wages by the railroads. There is general recognition of the necessity confronting the railroads to secure a readjustment of the proportion of profits to earnings, either by reductions of expenses or by increase of charges. The current assumption in the speculation is that the government will be so solicitous to aid in maintaining wages of labor that consent will be given to an increase in freight rates.

The reaction late in the day was partly due to profit taking. The instructions from President Roosevelt to the commissioner of corporations to investigate stock trading was not generally known on the floor of the stock exchange before the closing, but it is probable that some of the late selling came from the early informed on its contents.

The market closed distinctly weaker in consequence. Bonds were firm.

Total sales, par value, \$2,596,000. United States bonds were unchanged on call. Total sales today, \$59,700 shares, including: Copper 43,700; Smelting 37,100; Sugar 3,400; Tobacco 200; Atlantic Coast Line 400; Chesapeake & Ohio 300; St. Paul 29,200; Louisville & Nashville 1,300; Norfolk & Western 200; Pennsylvania 26,900; Reading 257,500; Southern Railway 1,600; pfd 200; Union Pacific 201,100; United States Steel 117,400; Virginia Carolina Chemical 100, pfd 100; North Carolina Pacific 33,000; Sloss Sheffield 200.

Adams Express	165
Amalgamated Copper	52 1/2
American Car & Foundry	29
do pfd	29 1/2
American Cotton Oil	87
do pfd	20 1/2
American Express	80
American Hide & Leather pfd	14 1/2
American Ice	15 1/2
American Lined Oil	6
do pfd	16
American Locomotive	36 1/2
do pfd	90
Amalgamated Smelting & Refining	64 1/2
do pfd	93
American Sugar Refining	113 1/2
American Tobacco pfd	81
Anacosta Mining	33 1/2
do pfd	71 1/2
Atlantic Coast Line	84 1/2
Baltimore & Ohio	85 1/2
do pfd	80
Brooklyn Rapid Transit	42 1/2
Canadian Pacific	145 1/2
Central of New Jersey	168
Chesapeake & Ohio	29 1/2
Chicago Great Western	4 1/2
Chicago & Northwestern	14 1/2
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	117
Chicago Terminal & Transit	10 1/2
do pfd	10
Cleveland, C. C. & St. Louis	17 1/2
Colorado Fuel & Iron	18
Colorado & Southern	24
do 1st pfd	54 1/2
do 2d pfd	43 1/2
Consolidated Gas	100
Corn Products	12
do pfd	50 1/2
Delaware & Hudson	159 1/2
Delaware, Lackawanna & West	170
do pfd	17 1/2
Distillers' Securities	46
do 1st pfd	30 1/2
do 2d pfd	13 1/2
do 2d pfd	27 1/2
General Electric	152 1/2
Illinois Central	127
International Paper	9
do pfd	56 1/2
International Pump	23 1/2
do pfd	70 1/2
Iowa Central	11
do pfd	29 1/2
Kansas City Southern	21
do pfd	50
Louisville & Nashville	96 1/2
Mexican Central	18
Minneapolis & St. Louis	20 1/2

Minn., St. Paul & Sault Ste M.	103
do pfd	125
Missouri Pacific	34 1/2
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	20 1/2
do pfd	52 1/2
National Lead	45 1/2
National Railroad of Mexico pfd	50
New York Central	98 1/2
New York Ontario & Western	32 1/2
Norfolk & Western	62 1/2
do pfd	70
North American	46 1/2
Pacific Mail	27 1/2
Pennsylvania	117 1/2
People's Gas	88 1/2
Pittsburg, C. C. & St. Louis	65
Pressed Steel Car	21 1/2
do pfd	103 1/2
Pullman Palace Car	77
Reading	150
do 1st pfd	80
do 2d pfd	78
Republic Steel	17 1/2
do pfd	69
Rock Island	12 1/2
do pfd	24 1/2
St. Louis & San Fran. 2d pfd	23
St. Louis Southwestern	11 1/2
do pfd	28
Southern Pacific	72 1/2
do pfd	109 1/2
Southern Railway	10 1/2
do pfd	28
Texas & Pacific	15 1/2
Toledo, St. Louis & Western	14 1/2
do pfd	33 1/2
Union Pacific	122 1/2
do pfd	79 1/2
United States Express	65
United States Realty	40
United States Rubber	29 1/2
do pfd	80
United States Steel	32 1/2
do pfd	96
Virginia Carolina Chemical	16 1/2
do pfd	89
Wabash	7 1/2
do pfd	15
Wells Fargo Express	250
Westinghouse Electric	39
Western Union	48
Wheeling & Lake Erie	4 1/2
Wisconsin Central	14
do pfd	35
Northern Pacific	125 1/2
Central Leather	17 1/2
do pfd	81 1/2
Sloss Sheffield	96 1/2
Great Northern pfd	121 1/2
Interborough Metropolitan	7 1/2
do pfd	18

## Money Market.

(By Associated Press)

NEW YORK, March 11—Money on call easy 1 1/2% @ 2 per cent, ruling rate 2, closing bid 1 1/2%, offered at 2 per cent. Time loans firmer, 60 days 3 1/2 per cent, and 90 days 4 per cent, six months 4 1/2 per cent. Close: Prime mercantile paper 5 1/2 to 6 per cent. Sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 48.20 @ 48.25 for demand, and at 48.30 @ 48.35 for 60 day bills. Commercial bills 48 1/2 to 49 1/2. Bar silver 55 1/2. Mexican dollars 47.

## Baltimore Markets.

BALTIMORE, MD., March 11—Flour—Dull, unchanged. Wheat—Steady; spot contract 96 1/2 @ 97; do Western 97 1/2; Southern on grade 91 1/2 @ 96. Corn—Easy; spot mixed 63 1/2 @ 64; No. 2 white 64 1/2 @ 65; Southern white 64 1/2. Oats—Steady; No. 2 mixed 57 1/2 @ 58; Rye—Dull; No. 2 Western domestic 90 @ 91.

Butter—Firm, unchanged; fancy imitation 25 @ 26; do creamery 31; do lard 23 @ 24; spot packed 18 @ 20. Cheese—Quiet, unchanged; large 14 1/2; flats 14 1/2; small 15. Eggs—Steady, unchanged, 20 @ 21. Sugar—Unchanged; coarse granulated 51 @ 52; fine 51 @ 52.

## First Bath in Seventeen Years.

When admitted to the county almshouse yesterday Daniel Humm balked at taking a bath, declaring he had not had one for seventeen years. The almshouse officials, however, gave him a bath under compulsion. A year or so ago the man came to the institution from his home near Muddy Creek, Pa., and at that time refused to allow the officials to give him a bath. "I took a bath sixteen years ago just yet," he told Dr. McKinnon.

When informed that he would be compelled to submit to a bath he chose to leave the institution and one night scaled the almshouse fence. Recently he was again admitted and yesterday was forced to submit to a scrubbing with soap and water for the first time in seventeen years.—York (Pa.) Dispatch to Baltimore Sun.

## Coffin the Prize in a Foot Race.

A race for a coffin, not to see which will occupy it first, but to determine its ownership, will take place here Saturday, May 2, at 2 o'clock p. m. The contestants are Charles Hyde and Charles Millard, each of whom thinks he can cover seven miles in quicker time than the other.

Last night the men arranged for the contest, and agreed that the loser should buy the winner's casket. The course selected is once around Highland Lake, go as you please, but on foot. Hyde is about a foot shorter than Millard, and in event of his losing will have to pay more for a coffin than would his adversary in case the latter lost. Furthermore, Millard has employed where casket trimmings are manufactured.—Winsted (Conn.) Dispatch to N. Y. American.

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## The Baseball Jokesmith.

## American League.

St. Louis—"Our Browns are not Blue, and McAleer will leave no Stone unturned to win out with Rube as boss Gardner."

Chicago—"The White Sox look like (c)ne. Fielder Jones never loses Hart nor shows the White feather. Parent will Spear Most everything coming his way."

New York—"The Highlanders are going to Chase the rag, but Griffith may have to Stahl Hogg when they reach the lake cities."

Cleveland—"If Lajoie can Check the onward march of the Tigers and land the banner, all Rhoades will lead to Cleveland this fall."

Boston—"McGraw has plenty of Young blood to help the Red Sox win the race. The salaries are big, but John I. Taylor can Barrett."

Philadelphia—"Connie Mack will wager his Large Bills on the Athletics. Their bats will have the same Olding and you can bet your Nichols that Jimmy Collins won't walk the Plank this year."

Detroit—"If Ty Cobb Summers in Georgia and the Chicago club Downs the Tigers, Hughey Jennings will have a Payne."

Washington—"Joe Cantillon will have a Clymer, and with a Keeley cure on the street there will be no room for lusers within our Gates."

## National League.

St. Louis—"McCloskey says you can take it Fromme that the Cardinals will House the flag if they don't Lush on the Rhodas."

Chicago—"We expect to get another Chance at the world's championship next fall, and we'll Kill to it. Murphy won't need to Tinker with the Cubs, as they will win Overall."

Pittsburg—"Fred Clarke writes that if he can get a good lead while the season is Young, and cling to it like a Leuch, even a Leever can't dislodge the Pirates."

New York—"McGraw hopes to Seymour pennants, and Ames to win. The fans willse a couple of youngsters on first, but with Tenney on deck the Giants won't Needham."

Boston—"The Doves are Young, and if Joe Kelley uses his Brain they will do them up Browne, providing they hit the Ball."

Cincinnati—"Ganzel has the reputation of being a Schlie pilot, and has secured a Spade to dig Up the pennant."

Philadelphia—"Murray says there will be something Doolin if the Phillies don't win. We expect some hard Knox, and a lot of Sparks will fly, but not Moren usual."

Brooklyn—"Donovan has a fast Batch who can handle the Burch, and will have a Butler to answer the Bell."

## Educating the Mountaineers.

General Oliver Otis Howard, who is now the only living officer who commanded an army in the Civil war, is about to receive the honorary rank of lieutenant-general by special act of Congress. He was born in Maine and now lives in Burlington, Vt., but the interest that lies closest to his heart is hidden away in the mountains of the South. For more than ten years he has devoted great effort to building up Lincoln Memorial University, founded for the sons and daughters of the poor white mountaineers of Kentucky, Virginia and Tennessee, says the New York Tribune.

Ever since the close of the Civil war, in which he fought with such honor, General Howard has been interested in these mountain white people. The educational institution which was established through his efforts near Cumberland Gap, Tenn., is one of the novel institutions of the country. It is probably the place where the cheapest college education is to be obtained in America, for through a growing system of scholarships those who can't afford to pay get free tuition and are furnished with work to meet the cost of living, which has been reduced to the marvellously low sum of from \$7 to \$10 a month.

General Howard's university is no place for a youth who is not actuated by serious motives, as these extracts from a recent catalogue go to show: No help to pay his expenses will be extended to the user of tobacco, intoxicating liquors or profane language. Those who can get money to pay for tobacco and drinks might save that money to pay their expenses at school.

Laziness and deception will not be tolerated for a single day in this institution. We do not wish to aid in any way those who are ungrateful, and most surely we do not wish to educate them at the expense of benevolent friends.

No cigarette fiend or those addicted to the use of intoxicants need apply for admission to the university. There are no saloons near the school, but those who seek bad company will find it or make it anywhere, and the university does not offer itself for a reformatory for those who are too wayward for home restraints.

Once or twice every year General Howard makes a pilgrimage to Cumberland Gap and spends a week or two with his boys, "who, like Lincoln, thirst for knowledge." Despite his seventy-eight years he almost becomes a boy again. A Tribune correspondent accompanied him to the mountain country on a recent trip of inspection and was amazed at the vitality and energy shown by the only living commander of an army in the War of the Rebellion.

"I must take you to the rock where you can stand on one foot and swing your free leg into three states with one whirl," said the general on the second day of the visit.

The Tribune man was anxious for the trip, but hardly expected General Howard's next suggestion.

"I know of no more beautiful spot from which to see the sun rise," he said. "Can we have a couple of saddle horses at half-past three tomorrow morning?" he asked Dr. William L. Stookbury, the president of the university, whose guests they were.

"You can have anything we have at any hour, day or night," was Dr. Stookbury's hearty response.

A Leg Over Three States.

It was still dark when General Howard, fully dressed for the sunrise ride, tapped at the correspondent's door. The veteran swung into his saddle like a man in his prime and rode over the rough mountain roads at a pace that showed how easily he could have accomplished the riding trip President Roosevelt recently prescribed for army officers.

It was a ride of some five miles from the university campus to the height on which the state lines met. A granite boulder marked the spot, and one could literally do as the general suggested, swing a free leg over

Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky with one sweep.

The way to the boulder led through the town of Cumberland Gap and then up the steep mountainside past a row of tumble-down shacks and houses. The two riders were joined on the outskirts of the town by a colonel who had worn the gray and who had fought against General Howard's men in several battles.

"We used to call this Hell's Half Acre," said the colonel, referring to the shacks on the mountainside. "There was a time when this cluster was the worst spot in the mountains. No one knows how many murders have been committed on this half acre, and you could not count the robberies. Again and again the brave men have pulled illicit stills out of the cellars. You see the half acre is almost conveniently situated. It is an easy matter to get out of Tennessee into Virginia, or out of Virginia into Kentucky, when it is simply a matter of stepping over the line."

"We took the devil out of Hell's Half Acre several years ago," went on the ex-Confederate. "Jerkerd him out bodily, along with the saloons. The Gap is local option now, and a stranger would have as much chance of getting a drink as a wanderer in the middle of the desert."

A few rods further along he indicated the Virginia line and a house which was built across it.

"We had a great deal of trouble with this place," he explained. "It was a saloon, and the proprietor had his bar just across the Virginia line. One could stand in Tennessee and buy drinks in Virginia, where our local option was not effective, but we finally drove him out."

General Howard led the way into the mountains then, over a road that was rough and strewn with rocks. After riding a quarter of an hour through scrubby timber the party reached a clearing, in the centre of which stood a cabin typical of the mountains. It was roughly built of half-hewn logs, held together by nitches cut in the logs. Instead of walls, the cracks were plastered with clay from a neighboring bank. It had a peaked roof of "shakes" instead of shingles, and at one end was a log chimney with a top built of rocks. There was a rickety front porch made by continuing the "shake" roof door and a couple of windows. A picket fence surrounded it and inclosed a small garden.

"There is a story about this cabin," said the colonel. "In the cellar under it was a still of the kind the revenue officers had knowledge for years, yet they were never able to arrest the old woman who ran it. She weighed four hundred pounds and was so fat that she could not get out of the door. When the officers came to arrest her, she said they were welcome to her, but if they injured her house she would have the law on them. They could not bring the court to the cabin and they could not bring the prisoner to court without tearing out the side of the house. For years she laughed at the law and continued to distill moonshine. She died finally, and in order to get her coffin out of the house they had to pull down part of the back wall."

"Would you like to see one of the old-time moonshine stills?" the colonel asked when the party had ridden on. The Tribune correspondent was enthusiastic over the prospect, and General Howard agreed to wait on the main road. The colonel led the way into a gulch to the right. In spite of the jagged rocks which projected here and there it was really a hallowed glen, for violets of marvellous size, heavily veiled with perfume, grew wherever there was the least sign of soil. At the end of the gulch stood a huge chestnut tree, to which the horses were tied.

An Oldtime Still.

furnace, was built of slabs of stone, picked up on the ground. Above it was a home made copper kettle of curious shape, which contained the worm and in which the whiskey ingredients were heated. Above the kettle was a wooden vessel, from which the distilled liquor was drawn through a bamboo tube.

As it happened, the mountaineer who owned the still was there with his dog. He explained the making of moonshine in detail.

"If you'd come six or seven years ago," he said, "you wouldn't have been able to get up here, even with the colonel for guide. This here still was workin' in them days, and we all had to be mighty keeful about strangers."

"You have gone out of business?" asked The Tribune man.

"Yes, sir, we sure have quit," he returned. "You see, most of the mountain got religion and got it good, and we's keeping the laws of the land."

"It's a wonder the revenue officers have not destroyed the still," observed the visitor.

"Well, between you and me, they don't know it's here, and we're not telling them. Who knows, we may want to use it again."

The trio had hardly taken up the main trail again when they met a mountain woman of unusual beauty. Her figure showed striking lines in spite of a shapeless print wrapper. Her face was of the paleness of marble, a paleness accentuated by lanky black hair.

"Do you happen to know a Mr. Thomas who lives along this trail?" the colonel asked.

"I sure do," she declared, with a smile that lighted up her face. "He's my man. You'll find him working alongside the road about a mile further up."

After travelling the mile the party found a man at work in a field. He was as black as a West Indian negro.

"Where will I find Mr. Thomas?" the colonel asked.

"I'm your man," said the black fellow.

"But I'm looking for a white man," said the colonel. "I met his wife down the mountain a way."

"I'm a white man, and that was my wife. What can I do for you, sir?" the colonel did not argue the question of color, but made him an offer for a bit of land which he owned in another part of the country. When the riders went on, the Northerner put this question:

"Why did he say he was a white man when he is the blackest I've seen in the South?"

"He considers himself white, and like as not there is not a single drop of negro blood in his veins," said the colonel. "He is one of the unfortunates of the mountains. His forefathers came here from Portugal when Virginia was a colony. They did not get on well with the English colonists and drifted into the mountains, where they intermarried with the Indians. The result is that one child in every generation is like to be black."

"It has resulted in many a tragedy, for the women of this descent are often very beautiful and sometimes win Southerners for husbands. A man who lives near me in the valley married one of these girls, as beautiful a woman as one could find in a day's journey anywhere. Three children blessed the union and they were very happy. Then came a fourth child, a boy, and he was as black as any negro child. The father disowned the boy and cast the mother out. He would not believe that it was his own child."

"The mother obtained work as a cook at the house of a doctor. Now, it is our custom here for all white servants, whether of the house or of the farm, to eat at the employer's table. The black folks eat in the kitchen. This mother lived as one of the doctor's family until the maternal yearning for her youngest born got the better of her. She sent for the boy, finally. The doctor told her the black child must eat in the kitchen."

"He's no negro!" the mother protested.

"He is black, though," the doctor declared, "and I for one will take no chances."

"The mother left her seat at the doctor's table and for years ate with her son in the kitchen. All her love seems to have become centred in that unfortunate boy. She is preparing him for college now, and he promises to make for himself, in spite of the peculiarly unfortunate handicap of color. The other children live with their father, not far away, but the mother takes no interest in them."

Known Only By Nicknames.

Approaching a mountain hamlet the riders began to meet other travellers frequently.

"The last four men we have passed bear the same name," observed the colonel. "Each and every one of them is William Teller, and there are at least a dozen more William Tellers in the community. It is a family name, and as a matter of pride each family insists on using it. The neighbors have worked out their own system of distinguishing the different men. For instance, the first one we met was 'Big Bill' Teller, the second one was 'Short Bill,' the third 'Pinhead Bill' and the last one 'Slim Bill.' There are, besides, 'Smiling Bill,' 'Red Bill,' 'Old William,' who is the patriarch of the bunch; 'Roaring Bill,' 'Young Bill' and a lot of others."

In front of a tumble-down mountain hovel a pale faced youth, features shrunken with disease, was seated in a low chair whittling wooden toys with a jack knife. The colonel asked him how he was getting on, and his answer that he was feeling much better brought on a fit of coughing that spelled to well the last stages of

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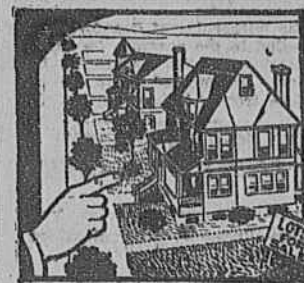
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